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Warriors: Survival(The Story of Socks and Ruby)

I promised to write my own version of the story for Contest 1. I hope that you all enjoy it.

Every time I re-read The Rise of Scourge, I wondered what happened to the housefolk of Socks and Ruby, and what happened to them after Scourge banished them from BloodClan territory. But Erin Hunter will never write a story about Scourge's siblings, so it seems we must tell the story ourselves.

Every participant in the contest should have a dedication by the end of the book. I will give out dedications in the order the first chapter of the book was published.

Prologue

Prologue

The ball of yarn soared over my head and hit the white wooden fence behind me with a soft thud. I chased after it with my sister, Ruby, following close behind. I placed my paw on top of it and pushed it away from her. She sighed with disappointment. “Aw, Socks! Why can’t you let me have it too?” Ruby whined.

I gave her my typical response. “I’m a special cat who needs special privileges,” I purred.

Ruby raised an eyebrow. “But I’m more special then you!” she joked in reply.

I pretended to be offended. “Hey!” I shouted, leaping onto her back.

We rolled across the yard, cuffing each other lightly on the head. Finally, we broke apart and laid on the grass, panting heavily. The Twoleg kit walked over to us on its hind paws. It had pink skin and a small patch of black fur on the top of its head. It said something in its Twoleg language, but I only recognized three words. My name, my sister’s name, and the word good.

I sat up and stared at the cloudy sky, thinking. *Life here is good. The food is bland, but edible and available whenever I want it. The Twoleg kit plays with us often. We get to sleep on the nice comfortable couch. And I get to live with my sister.*

Suddenly, I narrowed my eyes. A thought crossed my mind, one that I hadn’t bothered to think about for a long time. “Ruby? Do you think Tiny is still alive?” I asked.

“No, of course the little runt’s not,” she replied, sounding irritated. “I didn’t he was that stupid that he’d believe me when I told him unwanted kits got thrown in the river.”

“You sound like you don’t even care,” I meowed.

She sighed. “Maybe I do, maybe I don’t,” she whispered. “I guess I regret being so mean to him. I didn’t hate him enough to want him to die. But perhaps it’s best that he did. I mean, none of the housefolk would’ve ever wanted him and he couldn’t have lived with Mama for his whole life.”

I didn’t ask her any other questions that day. But soon would come a time when she would regret those words so many moons ago a lot more.

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The worst day of my life was five days later.

It started just like any other day. The older Twolegs and the kit gathered at the large table at the back of the kitchen to eat in the morning. The kit took a piece of his food and gave it to Ruby and I.

After they ate “breakfast”, which is what they call the morning meal, they went outside and drove off in their car. Ruby and I went and napped on the couch until they returned.

A little while after they returned, the kit took us outside to the yard to play. The older Twolegs left the house to watch, sitting down on the steps of the porch.

Suddenly, there was this loud wailing noise. “Ruby, what’s that noise?” I asked, struggling to be heard over the terrible sound.

Ruby shook her head. “You know as much as I do,” she answered.

Two white cars with a flashing light on top of them pulled into the driveway. The older Twolegs scrambled to their feet and opened the door to the house, running inside. A Twoleg climbed out of each of the cars, holding a black box that seemed to talk in their paws, and dashed into the house. The kit screamed.

A few long, terrifying moments later, the two strange Twolegs came out of the house, pushing my Twolegs in front of them. Ruby and I watched in stunned silence.

They forced the older Twolegs in one of the cars, slamming the door shut once they were inside. Then, the strange Twolegs walked over to the kit and said something quietly to him. The kit followed them towards the other car. He cast one last look over his shoulder before crawling inside of it.

And then, the two cars pulled out of the driveway and were gone.